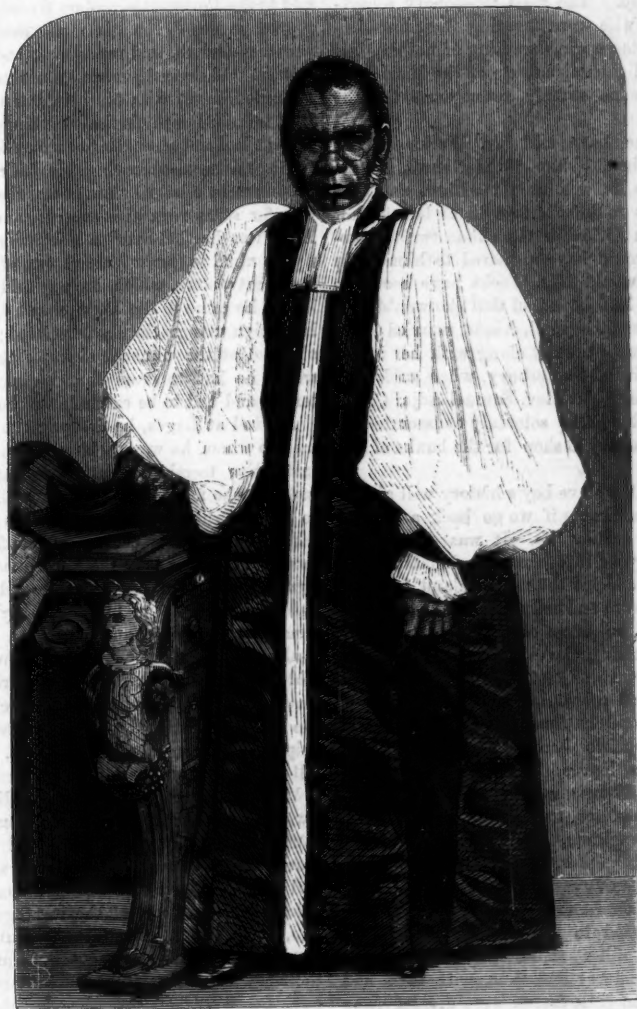


THE QUIVER

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ENGLAND'S BLACK BISHOP.

BY THE REV. W. PAKENHAM WALSH, M.A.

ABOUT forty years ago, a small but interesting group might have been seen in the room of a pious missionary schoolmaster, at Freetown, on the western coast of Africa. It consisted of the

English schoolmaster and his wife, a little negro boy, named Adjai, and a little negro girl, Asano, whom they were instructing in useful knowledge and Christian principles. There was nothing very

remarkable, to outward observation, either in the persons themselves or in their employment. Similar scenes might have been witnessed at different stations on that unhealthy coast. The children had lately been taken from the hold of a slave-ship, and, like many others, had been placed under the missionaries' care. The good missionary school-master and his wife were pursuing their unostentatious but devoted work, dreaming of nothing but the spiritual and mental culture of the little ones, and looking for no earthly recompense for the same.

Could any one have told Mr. Weeks that he himself was to be a bishop of the Church, in the very spot where he was then teaching, and that little Adjai was to be the first black bishop that had been seen in Africa for more than twelve hundred years, it would have appeared to him as an idle tale. Nor would Mrs. Weeks have been less surprised if she had been told that she would live, not only to see her little pupil, Asano, married to the negro boy, but to be present along with her in the primatial cathedral of Canterbury, when, under his new name of the Right Rev. Samuel Adjai Crowther, D.D., he should be solemnly consecrated as England's Missionary Bishop for the banks of the Niger.

This sequel to the slave boy's history will appear all the more remarkable if we go back a little to the story of his earlier life. It was on a bright morning in the year 1821, that the inhabitants of Oshugun, a town about 100 miles inland from the Bight of Benin, were suddenly attacked by a neighbouring tribe, who were constantly engaged in capturing and selling slaves. After a few hours' resistance the town was captured, and set on fire. Adjai's father had seized his bow and arrows at the first alarm, and hastened to the conflict; for an instant he rushes back to urge his family to flee; he then leaves them, never to return to them again. Escape was impossible. Adjai, then eleven years of age, together with his mother, her two little daughters, and a niece, were soon captured, bound together, and driven like cattle under a burning sun.

The parting soon came: Adjai and one of his sisters were allotted to the principal chief; his mother and the other sister were declared the property of the victors; and thus, with tears and bitter anguish, the little family were divided from each other.

Before the sun was down the negro boy was bartered for a horse; but the latter not giving satisfaction, he was given back again to his former owner, and, by a merciful Providence, was brought for a few months into contact with his mother and baby-sister. But even this mitigated happiness was not to last. He was sent one evening, under the pretence of receiving money, to a neighbouring

house, and found himself amongst a number of fettered captives, who were hurried next morning to a slave market, and there he was sold to a Mahometan mistress.

Whilst in her employment he was under constant and not ungrounded apprehensions of being sold to the Portuguese traders for tobacco. This fear preyed so deeply on his mind that he sank into wretched health, and resolved to end his misery by suicide. On several successive nights he thought to strangle himself with his belt, but a merciful God, who intended him for better things, so ordered it that he had not strength to accomplish his design.

His mistress, observing his failing health, and fearing to be a loser by his death, resolved to barter him for some rum and tobacco, and consequently Adjai was handed over to new owners. He made up his mind to throw himself out of the canoe into the great waters, which he was told he was to pass before he came to the Popo country. Here again his design was graciously frustrated; he became so alarmed at the unusual sight of the wide lagoon which he had to cross that he became stiff with terror, and had to be carried into the canoe.

Arrived at Lagos, he first saw the dreaded white men to whom he was to be sold, and shrank with instinctive trembling from the touch of his new master, who felt him and examined him from head to foot. Cruel and barbarous was the treatment which he and his companions suffered for four months at the hands of the Portuguese. Iron fetters were placed about their necks, and a long chain passed through them, by which they were dragged from place to place, and by reason of which they could scarcely sleep. At length, in the darkness and stillness of the night, one hundred and eighty-seven of these miserable captives were marched to the beach, and stowed away in the hold of a slave-ship, where, in sickness and hunger, they spent the following day and night.

With the succeeding day their deliverance came. Two English cruisers, which were employed in the work of putting down the horrid traffic on the coast, attacked and captured the slaver. Adjai, and five of his younger companions, kept close together, in the hope of sharing together the same fate, but dreading, from the accounts which had been falsely given them by the Portuguese, that their new masters would kill and devour them. We have heard Bishop Crowther say that when they were brought on board the British man-of-war they were terrified by seeing a heap of cannon-shot, which they imagined to be a pile of negroes' heads, as well as by some pieces of pork, which they thought to be the remnants of a cannibal feast. Their fears, however, were greatly modified by discovering that the skulls were made of iron, and that the flesh belonged to some animal that had a cloven foot; and the kindness of the sailors, who supplied them

with food and clothing, soon banished all suspicions, and made them feel that they had fallen into friendly hands.

It was soon after this that Adjai and Asano, who belonged to the same tribe, were committed, with many others, to the care of Mr. and Mrs. Weeks, who took them to the mission school, and placed them under a black monitor. Adjai displayed, from the outset of his emancipated life, great industry and intelligence. Not content with two hours' teaching daily in the school, he begged a halfpenny from some of his countrymen, purchased an alphabet card, and engaged one of the school children as his teacher. In three days he had learned the alphabet pretty well, in six months was able to read the New Testament, and had showed such a desire for improvement that he attracted the special notice of the missionary and his wife.

It was at this point of his history we introduced him to our readers at the beginning of this paper. Three years of kind and faithful teaching were more than rewarded by bringing Adjai to renounce heathenism, and to embrace with all his heart the religion of Jesus Christ. He was consequently baptised on the 11th December, 1825, and received the name of Samuel Crowther, after a well-known and excellent English clergyman.

After visiting England in 1826, he returned to Sierra Leone, and became the first student in the Fourah Bay Institution, which was founded in order to prepare pious Africans for the work of evangelising their countrymen. In 1829 he married Asano, and for several years was the devoted schoolmaster of Regent's Town, under the superintendence of his former teacher, who was now the Rev. Mr. Weeks.

In 1841 Mr. Crowther was appointed to accompany the first Niger expedition. It will be remembered how disastrous that mission proved to the lives of the party engaged in it; still it was not without its fruit. Mr. Crowther was spared, and resolved to devote himself to the Lord's work in that region. For this purpose he came over to England, became a student in the Church Missionary College in Islington, and was ordained by the Bishop of London to be a missionary in Abbeokuta. Many providential circumstances led to the selection of that place as a missionary station, and on the 2nd of December, 1843, he reached the coast of Africa, "crowned a minister," as his countrymen expressed it, and preached for the first time the word of life to his black brethren.

Delayed at Badagery for a year and a half by unforeseen events, he preached constantly under the shade of a wide-spreading tree, and laid there the foundation of a new mission. Arriving, at length, at Abbeokuta, what was his joy to find himself restored to his mother and relatives, after five-and-

twenty years' absence; and his still greater joy to be the means of subsequently admitting them into the Christian church.

We must pass over his trials and successes at Abbeokuta, over his labours as a translator of the Scriptures and Prayer Book into several languages of Africa, over his third visit to England, and his interesting interview with our gracious Queen. We must also omit to detail the four subsequent and successful expeditions up the river Niger in which he took part, and in each of which he laid the foundations for new missionary settlements.

Successive bishops from England had been quickly cut down by disease upon the coast of Africa, and especially by the attempt to penetrate into the interior. A chief pastor was required to consolidate and superintend the work which had been so happily commenced. Every eye was directed to Samuel Crowther; and on the 29th of June, 1864, with the prayers and concurrence of all, and under the Queen's licence, he was consecrated in the cathedral of Canterbury as the first negro Bishop of the Niger. The University of Oxford had already conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity, and it was a touching sight to see mingling amongst some of the greatest and noblest in the land, who had come to witness the solemn ceremony, several of his African countrymen, and that kind missionary's wife, who had given him his earliest lessons in religion, and whose sainted husband had been some years before called away from his earthly see to his heavenly crown.

Bishop Crowther was soon at his field of labour. He left England on the 24th of June, 1864, and reached Sierra Leone on the 10th of August. The reception that there awaited him was overwhelming. Black men and white thronged the quay to meet and greet England's first black bishop. On the 23rd he reached Lagos, the scene of his former slavery, and immediately proceeded up the Niger by the *Investigator*. In six weeks he had completed a visitation tour of all the missionary settlements on the river, held his first ordination at Onitaku, confirmed such as were ready for the ordinance, had interviews with remarkable native kings and chiefs along the river, and obtained their sanction and assistance for forming new stations, and thus consolidated and extended Christ's kingdom in his native land.

Let every heart breathe a prayer for Bishop Crowther's welfare and success, and beseech God that this may be but the beginning of still brighter days for Africa, when (as in the days of Cyprian and his black bishops) there may be native churches, preached to by native pastors, and governed by native bishops, from one end of Africa to the other. Is there anything too hard for the Lord?

A WORD UPON DEPRESSION.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.



NOVEMBER is not very far off, and then come the fogs. Now, I have read lately in a certain review that fogs are famous things. In a theological sense, we have certainly had plenty of them lately, and some people I admit, seem very fond of that sort of fog, but I have not found many to endorse the review notion, that fogs are good, and that the air of mystery they throw about the streets and houses has a glory in it. In fact, most people would be candid enough to say that they detested fogs; and if you searched deeply enough for the reason, it would be found, I think, mainly in the answer: Do they nearly choke you? No; but they dreadfully depress me.

Certain, indeed, it is that sunshine and sweet air have a wonderfully exhilarating effect on the constitution. It must feel most amazingly melancholy to live in the lower rooms of London, where all you can see of the outside world is the boots of the passers-by. If you live in a house that has a good bold landscape in front of it, a cheerful main road close by it, a clear, bracing air sweeping through it, and a minimum of mist and muddy fog surrounding it, then you are all the more likely to preserve freedom from depression.

It is astonishing how differently constituted human beings are in a physical sense. Some are like a loosely-strung *Æolian* harp, the faintest breeze affects them at once—not always, however, producing the sweetest music, often it is a very grumbling air indeed. Some are like strongly-strung harps, which need the sweep of a good bold touch before they vibrate at all.

There is a great deal of depression which is purely *physical*, and comes from a relaxed state of the nervous system. Of course, in many cases it is an inheritance to be pitied, and not a fault to be blamed; in others it is self-produced, and is a penalty rather than a heritage. The subjects of depression are very often the subjects of a corresponding exaltation, and when they tell you that they feel "very low," you must remember that probably they have felt before "very high;" and so, according to the law of compensation, they cannot eat their cake and have it; they cannot largely use up nervous force on Monday, and expect to find it as vigorous as before on Tuesday.

In many cases, however, the mind is looked at as the cause instead of the body. People say they are low spirited, when, in fact, they are weak in quite another way. Elijah, after

receiving Jezebel's message, toiled hard the whole day, and then sat down under a juniper-tree faint, travel-worn, and hungry. Then it was that he altogether gave way, and he requested that he might die. "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life." Most assuredly, the physical nature was casting its dark clouds over the mind of the man. In cases where you can see that the whole physical man is debilitated and disordered by close confinement and overwork, the mind itself does begin to suffer too; the man becomes morbid and dull; takes gloomy views of himself and the world. You may be inclined to think that what he wants is not an antidote to trouble, but an antibilious pill. I incline, however, to think that if you get him a change, give him a little breath of God's sweet air, and God's bright sunshine, and God's fragrant sea-shore, you will have given a death-blow to a great deal of his depression.

Strong physical constitutions there are amongst us who don't mind "east winds" or "brown fogs," and they are sometimes inconsiderate enough to pooh-pooh the trials of their brethren. We would have them thankful rather than critical; for evidently there are "ills which flesh is heir to," where they have not been put down in the will. Depression, then, is frequently associated with physical causes. But is this all? Certainly not! There are mental and spiritual depressions, concerning which I have yet a word to say. But bear in mind this—equability of mind comes, to a great extent, from equability of conduct. A dinner party is a very cheerful thing, and cracking walnuts is a very cheerful sound; but debt is a dreadfully depressing thing. Therefore, though Mrs. Glasse says, First catch your hare, I am inclined to say, failing that, First pay for it. Depend upon it, the man who has sleepless nights will not have lively days, and a debtor's pillow is like a Buckinghamshire lace one, with all the pins point upwards.

Industry, cleanliness, and conscientiousness do a great deal to destroy depression; whilst late hours and lazy habits do very much to promote it.

I am not about to ignore religious depression. "My soul is cast down within me" is a sentiment we have all at times spoken. A revelation of human sinfulness to the soul of man must produce the deepest depression within; but where there is faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—where there is a new heart and a new life—it is wrong and useless to be depressed about forgiven sins. Imagine David always thinking of his adultery; or Saul always pondering the fact that he had consented to

Stephen's death. When could they ever have reposed in God or rejoiced in the Saviour? And when Christ has cast our sins into the sea of forgetfulness, we, too, may forget the things which are behind, whilst we press forward to those which are before.

Concerning all mental and spiritual distress, we mark again and again in the gospels the Saviour's exquisite sensibility to human suffering—"Let not your heart be troubled." Yes; the Good Shepherd came to save us from sorrow, as well as to save us from sin.

This is most notable when our hearts are riven with grief concerning the distant and the dead—when we are depressed concerning those which are asleep; for he reminds us that "them also will God bring with him." The thought that there are joyful reunions and recognitions in the world to come will often soothe our sorrow, and inspire a glad expectation of entrance into heaven.

Some spiritual depression there may and ought to be. Where, for instance, men continue in sin that grace may abound, and beneath the garment of a Christian profession hide the serpent folds of a besetting sin. It speaks well for the retributive laws of God, that we cannot enjoy the peace of the righteous with the practice of the wicked.

And now let me remind the reader that depression may become a habit. Like melancholy, it may mark you for its own; and then it is not only a personal burthen, but is a heavy weight on others. We ought all to strive for the general gladness. Of all the beautiful sights I have ever seen, none can surpass those where the broken-hearted and bereaved have endeavoured to brighten the paths of others: they have resolved that the black cloud in their own heart shall not darken the little world of childhood, or the wider world of human association and enterprise.

Concerning states of religious depression, I know that it may not be possible always to discover their cause. We all remember one who said, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?" and we know what *his* remedy was: "Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God"—a most perfect prescription for us all: the thought that it will all pass away; that the God we hope in is a God who desireth not the sorrow of the saint, any more than he does the death of the sinner.

Considerations like these are enough to make us feel, in our hours of depression, "If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me." It is not an unrelieved depression; through the dark cloud will presently come the bright and shining light of the Divine favour and love.

And now turning for a moment to special cases of depression. Can you not imagine that the queries of a 'cute doctor, conscientiously answered, would often explain the case, so that the diagnosis of disease would be perfect? What time did you go to bed? Twelve. And get up? Ten. Sup? Yes. Heartily? Yes. Breakfast? Yes. Heartily? No—only two eggs and some ham. Been walking? No. Been reading? Yes. What? Dr. Winslow's book on "Incipient Insanity." Oh, well; you feel depressed? *Very*. Any sensible doctor would say, And I should think so! But our friend, who has an amiable weakness for guineas—there are six small descendants of the house of "Bolus"—he simply prescribes a cooling draught, and call again to-morrow. I must not omit to say that, having a kind heart, he assures our friend that his disease is not "cerebral," but of quite another character.

As the light, new Hansom carriage bowls up to the "Poplars," he probably discovers another case of depression. He finds it greatly connected with something on the mind and something on the digestion—the former resulting from too great a strain in keeping up appearances, and the latter from eating cucumbers. He is too polite to surmise it is debt, so he taps his snuff-box, and tells a pleasant tale, as doctors of yesterday used to do. Yes, it's the cucumber, he says. You remember Abernethy's prescription? No? Well, it's the best. Carefully peel and slice it, put oil first, pepper next, and vinegar last; then, when perfectly well mixed, spread it in a dish, and shoot it on the fire. Yes, a cooling draught, and call again to-morrow.

Seriously, reader; early rising, healthy bathing, cheerful talking, honest working, an earnest determination not to live above our means, never to indulge in indigestibles, accompanied by a thoughtful, devout resolve to follow out the dictates and duties of the divine life—these constitute the best prescription against every form of depression, save that which comes from mental disease.

In presence of a mystery so great as that, we bow with profoundest silence. We are dumb and open not our mouth, because God does it; because we now know in part, and must await the revelations of eternity before we know as we are known. We would not only, in the immortal language of Burke, remember the forgotten, but never forget to pray for the downcast and depressed.

And now let us remember we shall all probably have our fits of depression. For the moment we shall say, "Who will show us any good?" but we shall be wise and Christian enough ever to look at the bow in the clouds, and to remember the words, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

THE GHOST OF CASTELNEAU COURT.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

IT was on a bright autumn, in one of the early years of this century, that I and a party of three or four of my bachelor friends were invited to take a few weeks' shooting at Lord Castelneau's hospitable country house in the north-west of England. Lord Castelneau, though not yet at his country seat, had arranged to meet us there on the evening of our arrival, and meantime had sent down ample orders to his steward and gamekeepers.

It was on the morning of the day on which we intended to reach Castelneau, and we were only about thirty miles from the place, having passed the night in one of those roomy wayside inns, once so comfortable and now so old-fashioned, and I was leaning out of the window and speculating when the chaise would be brought round, when my chief companion, Mason, entered the room. I saw at once by his face that he had some vexatious tidings, and so it proved.

"I doubt if we shall find Castelneau there when we arrive," he said, discontentedly. "His cousin, Sir Jasper Rivers, has been killed; or if not already dead, he is dying—run through in a duel, not far from here. It was the day before yesterday, it seems, and if he dies, it will stop our chance of sport at Castelneau for this year at least."

Now this may seem a very unfeeling way to talk about another man's life or death, but the fact was that Sir Jasper Rivers, though personally unknown to us, was known by report to be a man of fashion; a very great scamp—as men of fashion in those times so frequently were—following, as far as his means would permit, in the footsteps of the "First Gentleman of Europe," as the Prince Regent was called. If all I had heard of him was true, he had deserved his present fate a score of times before. I said something to that effect, and added that Lord Castelneau would probably be much of the same opinion; but Mason shook his head.

"If that were all, Hillyard, you might be right; but there is a suspicion of foul play. He was set upon—no seconds, no fair challenge, and only one friend near, by accident. It was after a volunteer review, and, unfortunately, both had their swords; and what makes the matter worse is the name of his assailant. It was his own cousin—Castelneau's cousin, too, for that matter—young Paul Castelneau, whom you used to know at Cambridge. It may go very hard with him if Sir Jasper dies, for, as I told you before, it was no fair fight."

I interrupted him here. Paul Castelneau had been my boyhood's best friend, and his generous and Quixotic temper had many a time saved me

from the well-remembered consequences of a scrape. It seemed as natural that he and Sir Jasper, though cousins, should fall out, as that a well-trained dog should detest rats. I had not seen Paul Castelneau for several years, but I felt pretty sure that his character could not alter; that though he might have been rash and precipitate to the last degree, he was incapable of anything dishonourable. I told Mason this, and added that I would not leave the inn till I had made further inquiries about this unhappy matter. The others acquiesced in my determination, enforced as it was by the doubts we entertained about our welcome at Castelneau, at a moment which must be of such painful excitement. A few hours, however, changed our plans, for a letter arrived from Lord Castelneau himself, sent on by a groom to meet us on the road, announcing that he should not be able to join us for a day or two on account, he said, "of his unfortunate cousin's illness, yet he hoped that we would continue our journey, as all was already prepared for our reception, and he trusted that all would yet end well."

We therefore continued our journey, but, on my part, with diminished pleasure; the anticipated sport was to me entirely spoiled by the uncertainty which overhung the fate of my former friend.

It was growing dusk when we passed through the lodge gates of the Court. The house itself was a handsome, though irregular, pile, built and added to in every conceivable style of architecture, from the Elizabethan downwards; but the wing in which our apartments were prepared was spacious and modern. A thick rain had set in, and we were wet through, and were therefore shown to our rooms at once, and informed that dinner would be ready in an hour's time. The old steward, Franklin, seemed much depressed by the calamity which had befallen his master's house, and though he did the honours of the place with scrupulous observance, I fancied I could detect an impatience of our presence, and an unwillingness to do more than what was absolutely necessary in our welcome.

I soon finished my preparations, and then, candle in hand, prepared to find my way down to the drawing-rooms; but this was not easy. I soon found myself at the end of a long and dark corridor, then made my way down an equally dark staircase and through an ancient hall, disused, and paved with stone, with dusty Gothic lattices. I knew I was in the old wing of the house, but was at a loss how to make my way to the inhabited part. I decided to go on, and with some little difficulty pushed open a door in front of me, whose creaking, unoiled hinges showed that it was but rarely moved.

It gave access to a low-ceilinged, dark, oak-panelled room, with massive, antiquated furniture and darkened pictures, mostly portraits, hanging on the wall, one in the centre of each panel. A stag's antlers were set over the chimney-piece, and a narrow, tall mirror, in Venetian setting, hung opposite, between the windows. It showed signs of habitableness for which I had not been prepared, for a bright fire was glowing in the centre of the huge chimney, and a large dog, of the staghound breed, was stretched out on the rug. The sight of the fire was very welcome, for the evening was chilly. I drew near the warmth, and busied myself in making friends with the large staghound, who seemed very peaceably disposed towards me. I looked round the room. The windows, tightly shuttered, were opposite me, and there was a door on the other side of the fireplace to that by which I had entered, communicating, as I doubted not, with a long passage leading into the modern entrance hall. It was possible that the fire had been lit with no other intention than that of saving the pictures from becoming utterly mouldy, but the impression of wonder once raised in my mind was not entirely quieted by this natural explanation. However that might be, the room, to my mind, looked far more comfortable than the handsome, newly-furnished apartments at the further end of the house. While I was thus thinking, and making up my mind that, with Lord Castelnau's permission, I should take up my quarters here for the next fortnight, the door opened, and old Franklin, the steward, entered. He started as he saw me.

"Mr. Hillyard!" he stammered; "what on earth induced you to come here?"

"I lost my way, and came down through the Gothic Hall," I answered. And then, as with a murmur of impatience, he went towards the door by which I had entered the room, and deliberately bolted it, I added, "But it is very comfortable here, Franklin, and, if you've no objection, I should prefer it to any other room in the house."

"It is dirty, sir, and out of repair. My lord never has anything done to this side of the house."

"Then why is there the fire here?" I asked.

He muttered something about damp and the furniture, which would have been entirely satisfactory but for his evident embarrassment.

"The dinner bell will ring in a minute, Mr. Hillyard," he continued. "If you like, I will show you the way to the dining-room. Mr. Mason and Mr. Severton are there already."

"Very well," I rejoined, carelessly; but as I went down the passage, I glanced back, and saw that the candles he had been carrying were placed upon the massive oak table in the centre of the room.

I rejoined my friends, and told them of the explorations I had made, and proposed that, after dinner, we should adjourn to the old oak-room,

which I averred was more comfortable than any other apartment in the house. Mason and the two others cordially agreed to my proposal, and I gave my orders to that effect to the footman, who stood behind me.

The man withdrew to obey them at once, and the dessert was just being set on the table, when Franklin came in.

"I hope, gentlemen," he began, in an embarrassed tone, which gradually acquired confidence as he went on—"I hope you will think again before going to the oak-room. It is very damp. If I had known you would have preferred it, I would have had fires lit there the last week; but, as it is, you will find everything mouldy."

Mason looked at me to remind me that I was to be spokesman, and I replied that I thought it the most cheerful room in the house.

"I think you will be disappointed in it, sir," repeated Franklin, with an air of dogged assurance that surprised me.

"Franklin seems determined that we shall dislike it, at all events," I said, laughing. "What is the reason?"

The steward hesitated, and then answered, "I think, sir, you will find none of the servants will willingly wait upon you there; the room has a very unpleasant reputation. It is all superstition, sir, I am aware; but in the country, people are apt to believe all sorts of stories."

"And is there any such story connected with Castelnau Court?" said Severton, who piqued himself upon being an *esprit fort*.

"It is not for me, an unlettered man, who has lived all his life in the country, to dictate to gentlemen," said Franklin; "but there always has been—as even Mr. Hillyard will remember—a story connected with some of the rooms in the Court: a ghost, they say, gentlemen, that has possession—Clarissa, the wife of the second Lord Castelnau, who, in the reign of King Charles the First—"

"She was carried down to the cellars and strangled there," I interrupted. "I well remember hearing of her; but I remember, too, that she never came beyond the cellars, and that you must not claim any of the other rooms as haunted. We'll pass the evening there, Mason."

I saw the old steward was perplexed and troubled at this decision, but I was too much annoyed with his pertinacity in declaring the room was not fit for use, and his effrontery in fabricating the ghost story to suit his own ends, to give up the point. Fabrication I knew it must be; for the footman to whom I gave my orders had not shown the slightest hesitation in going to prepare this room for us. I had not the smallest doubt that the old man had allowed some friends of his to take up their quarters in the deserted side of the house (possibly some destitute relations or widowed sister), and that the

fire and candles were intended for their special behoof: and, under other circumstances, I should have abandoned the scheme; but there was something so audacious in his determination that we should not move to that room, that it excited my curiosity and also my obstinacy.

Franklin did at last look disconcerted. "If you are decided, gentlemen, I'll go and make the room ready," he said, and left the room—probably, I thought, to disturb his widowed sister over her tea and toast, and tell her the gentlemen were determined to have the room. Partly to punish him, partly to satisfy my own curiosity, I beckoned to Mason, and together we followed him down the long passage so quickly that we were by his side when he opened the further door.

There was nothing to repay our trouble. The fire had been replenished since I left it, but otherwise the room was unaltered.

"And now that you have brought us here, Hillyard," said Mason, stretching himself on one of the heavy couches at the side of the room, "what was your object in insisting?"

I explained my reasons.

"I understand; it amounts to this—that you will have your own way, as you generally do," said Mason. "But these are very hard sofas. Here come Severton and Dunsford; and now I am quite prepared to meet Lady Clarissa Castelnau, if she chooses to make her appearance."

We dragged the smallest of the tables up in front of the fire, and, sitting down, were soon indifferent to everything else in the pleasant excitement of anticipatory conversation; and twelve o'clock striking from the large clock over the gateway, roused us all before we had any consciousness it was so late.

"Time for the ghost, if she means to come," said Severton, the philosopher, looking at his watch.

There was a little pause as we all examined our watches. The silence was broken most unexpectedly by a faint groan.

Mason and I sprang to our feet. Severton turned rather pale.

"Somebody must be hurt here outside the windows," I said, going to the shutters, and, after some attempts, unfastening one.

"Of course; but it hardly sounded like that," said Severton, joining me at the now open window.

"It was not outside the windows, at all events," I said.

"Then, what do you think it is?" said Severton, uneasily.

"One of the servants, possibly Franklin himself," said Mason, "trying our nerves, and hoping we shall flee at the bare suspicion of the ghost."

Severton looked relieved, and he and Dunsford both acknowledged that this was a very probable interpretation of the mystery, and we then separated;

my three companions retiring to their rooms, and I, not feeling yet tired, taking my seat again before the fire. The dog was still lying on the hearth, and his bright metal collar caught the gleam of the fire. I stooped down and read on it his name, "Alan," and the name of his possessor, "H. Castelnau." H. Castelnau? who could it be? The present lord, and his father before him were christened Robert; neither could the dog have belonged to my friend Paul.

I was at this point of my meditations when the door was softly opened, and old Franklin thrust his head in. I suppose he expected to find me gone, for he looked greatly disappointed.

"You keep late hours in London, Mr. Hillyard," he said; "but at the Court, when my lord is not down, the whole house is generally quiet by eleven. Is there anything I can do for you to-night, sir?"

I looked sharply at him. Why, if the household was so regular in its habits, did he visit this deserted room at past midnight?

"Yes," I said; "you can tell my servant not to sit up for me—I do not know how late I shall be."

"Very well, sir," was all that Franklin said, and departed, and I relapsed into my former musings. They were broken in a few minutes by a repetition of the same sound we had all heard an hour before. A human groan, distinctly, and close near me.

I sprang up as before, and gazed anxiously round the room. Then went to the passage door, and opening it went a few steps down the dark passage. There was nothing to be seen. I listened—the house was as still as death, and I was about to return, when a slight sound, as of the click of a latch behind me, caused me to hasten back to the room. It was in darkness; the fire had dwindled to a few red embers, and the two candles on the table had been suddenly and unaccountably extinguished. I stood still in astonishment, and the faint noise, as of the rustling of a woman's dress, fell on my ear.

"Who is there, and what do you want?" I said; but no answer came, and all was again utterly silent. My first care was to relight the candles; and after some difficulty I succeeded in eliciting a flame from the dull hearth. There was no change since I had been there, except—yes, the dog was not there, and a search under the tables and sofas failed to find him. It was, of course, possible that he had squeezed past me in the dark passage, but I thought I should have heard the sound of his claws on the stone pavement. Could it be that there was anything unnatural connected with the room? As these thoughts passed through my mind I gave a closer inspection to the room, and found the tray of refreshments was no longer on the table!

(To be concluded in our next).



"I turned them o'er in heedless haste—I'd seen them all before—
Till something seared and rustling fell upon the chamber floor."—p. 90.

ECHOINGS FROM FADED FLOWERS.

SEARCHED within a cabinet, where the spider's drapery hung;
Where relics quaint of other days with careless hand were flung.
It seemed to me a medley strange that had been gathered there—
A childish toy, a broken ring, a tress of sunny hair.

Forgotten keepsakes, curious shells, shreds of a bridal veil,
And letters, old, and torn, and dim, told their own silent tale.
I turned them o'er in heedless haste—I'd seen them all before—
Till something seared and rustling fell upon the chamber floor.

I snatched it up. It was a wreath of faded summer flowers,
Culled for me long, long years before, from out our old home bowers,
By hands whose dear, caressing touch no more on earth may come
To bind me flowers from summer bowers, or cheer my winter's gloom.

I looked upon those withered buds, once bright in beauty's blaze,
And I thought how like our earthly hopes in young life's joyous days.
They lead me gently far, far back, 'mid memory's mouldering halls—
How sweetly sad the echoing our footstep there recalls!

And thus, as we look backward on our lifetime's chequered maze,
Oh! may we prize the blessings pour'd upon our riper days;
Try to bear on the Saviour's cross, then wear the crown He won,
Through countless ages, near His throne, when this vain life is done.

A. N.

STRAY NOTES UPON CURIOUS BIBLE WORDS.

ROBBERY.—Archbishop Trench, in his "Synonyms of the New Testament," very properly calls attention to the distinction between two Greek words which are rendered alike by the word "thief" in our English version, pointing out that "theft" is the obtaining of another's property by quiet, underhand proceeding, while "robbery" signifies a seizure of another's property by violence. Thus, that it is ridiculous to speak of the "den of thieves" (Matt. xxi. 13). Thieves do not live in dens, but robbers do. So also we should not speak of "the man who fell among thieves," but "robbers." From a remark which Dr. Trench makes about the indiscriminate use of these words, "thief and robber," in the Elizabethan writings, we may, I think, conclude that his grace's opinion is that "thief" and "robber," originally—at all events in Elizabeth's time—signified the same thing, but that gradually, in subsequent times, "robbery" came to represent thefts accompanied with violence.

Now, it seems to me to be at all events probable that "robbery" was at first used to express a seizure of anything, with which the idea of theft might or might not be connected. In fact, that the history of the synonymous growth of these two words is very likely to be the converse of what Dr. Trench represents it. I think that the words have not become

different from being originally the same; but that at first "robbery" and "theft" were used to express two very different ideas, and that in process of time they have become more and more like, but still retain some distinction. "Theft" undoubtedly meant, as it does now, the taking wilfully the property of another to which you had no right. "Robbery," on the other hand, seems to have been very often used to express simply the seizure of property, without conveying, necessarily, any idea of criminality. In fact, it comes—as Dr. Trench does not fail to notice—from the old word "raub," which meant booty or plunder. Now, assuredly, the seizing of plunder is not necessarily a criminal act; as, for example, when committed in warfare by an enemy. This view is, I think, confirmed by the peculiar way in which "rob" and "thief" are used in "King Henry IV.," to which play Archbishop Trench refers in general terms, but does not enter into an analysis of the passages. From this play, it seems to me, that to rob—if not altogether an uncriminal act—was at all events by no means as bad an action as to thieve. Thus Falstaff says:—"I am accursed to rob in that thief's company." As if the most criminal part of the job, in his estimation, was not the act of robbing—bad enough though that was—but the being in a thief's company. Again, Prince Henry, who, in company with Poins, is about—for the fun of the thing more than any-

thing else—to set on Falstaff and deprive him of his booty, takes great care to stigmatise the others as “thieves,” while he speaks of his own conduct as only robbing. He says: “The thieves have bound the true men: now could thou and I *rob the thieves*, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.” Previous to this, too, when Falstaff asks the prince to join them, the prince replies with an interrogatory which, if it does not prove robbing to be an innocent transaction, certainly makes out thieving to be much worse—in fact, the climax of such crimes.

P. Hen. Who? I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith.

I am not, however, prepared to say—for regarding the use of words in any particular sense to make a negative assertion is really impossible—that robbing originally meant simply to seize. But I do think that “to rob” meant to seize, and that the criminal nature of the seizure was not a necessary, but merely an indifferent, ingredient of the action. I think, however, the question is a very interesting one, and these remarks may lead to a more complete investigation of the original use of the word. There is one most remarkable and interesting use of the word “robbery” in the New Testament, which is not alluded to by Trench in either of his works on the New Testament.

In Phil. ii. 6, “Who, being in the form of God, thought it not *robbery* to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation.” It is generally taken for granted that the word “robbery” here means the same as “theft,” and that the passage is a statement that our blessed Lord did not think he was committing a theft or robbery in making himself equal with God, inasmuch as he really was God. Now this meaning of “robbery” makes the most complete nonsense of this verse. For observe, so far from the statement being that he made himself God, the apostle says that he “made himself of no reputation,” or, as the Greek is, “emptied himself.” The apostle is not in this passage seeking to prove Christ’s Divinity. He is taking that for granted as a truth so clear and well known as not to need any proof and argument, it being admitted by all Christians. The apostle is enforcing humility, and adducing Jesus Christ as an example, and to declare that our Lord committed no theft or robbery in making himself equal to God the Father, would—though the statement of a great and absolute truth—be no illustration whatever of our blessed Saviour’s humility. But take “robbery” to signify not “theft,” but simply (as I have suggested above) a “seizing” or “snatching at” anything, and how clear does the meaning and force of the passage come out, and how splendid is it as an instance of unparalleled humility.

“Let this mind be in you,” says the apostle, urging

them to be humble minded, “which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form (*i.e.*, being a portion of the Godhead) of God,” and therefore able to come down to earth with all the power and majesty of God to triumph over his enemies, and crush every one who opposed him. So far from this, “he thought it not ‘a thing to be snatched at’—‘a thing to be grasped’—that he should be equal with God (*i.e.*, while here in the flesh); but, on the contrary, he emptied himself,” he laid aside the power of his Godhead, and actually allowed feeble man to crucify him. If “robbery” meant “theft,” the proper antithesis would be thus: “Who, being in the form of God, thought it no theft to be equal with God: but took with him, while sojourning here, all the attributes and powers of the Deity.” But that is not, could not be the proper reading; for the apostle is adducing our Lord’s humility in laying aside his power and majesty as God, as an example to his followers to be humble minded. Although Dean Alford does not take this view which I have ventured to suggest as the correct one, but interprets the passage—“He deemed not his equality with God a matter for grasping,” yet he well and happily observes on this word “robbery”—“One thing must also be remembered, that in the word the leading idea is not snatching *from another*, but snatching, grasping *for one’s self*.” This remark bears well on my interpretation, and seems to me an exquisite incidental proof of our Lord’s Divinity. “He thought it not a thing to be snatched at to make himself equal with God.” The idea not being that he could so much snatch Divine power *from another*, seeing that he was as God himself the real possessor of it; but he would not take or snatch to *himself*, *i.e.*, to his humanity, the fullness of the outward manifestation of that power.†

Such I venture to adopt as the real sense of the word “robbery” in this remarkable and most beautiful passage of Scripture.

THOUGHT.—This word is seldom or never used now in the sense in which it occurs in Matt. x. 19, “Take no thought.” The word originally signified “anxious or careful solicitude.”‡ In the present day it is generally used to express a very slight mental anxiety or exertion.

* Alford’s Greek Testament. *In loco*.

† I have endeavoured to word the above passage very carefully, for we have to bear in mind that when speaking of our blessed Saviour’s “emptying himself” of his Divine power and glory, the apostle does not mean that any of the attributes, or powers, or functions of God were really wanting in that Divine nature which dwelt in the man Christ Jesus, but merely that in his earthly career there was not the development of that Divine omnipotence in action. For example, when suffering death, our Lord laid aside his Divine power, otherwise, men could not have slain the incarnate God. It was not, however, that he really gave up his power, but that he gave up the exercise of it—not that he could not, but simply that he did not utterly destroy his murderers.

‡ The following passage from Lord Bacon, quoted by Archbishop Trench, illustrates this use of the word: “Harris, an alderman of London, died with thought,” &c.

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

THE BOOT ON THE WRONG FOOT.

JEM HASTY had many good traits of character. He was generous, when he happened to have the means, obliging and kind upon impulse; but, like his name, he was hasty. He could not stop to see a thing fully, to do a thing thoroughly, and seldom to speak of a thing accurately.

But he was always considering these little things as too small and "of no consequence." The consequence, of course, was, that he was always getting into trouble himself and putting others to trouble. It was a small affair to be particular about buttoning his shirt-collar—and so, in the midst of company, or in church, his collar must start up and come off, and then he would jerk it on again with so much strength as to tear off the button. He had his garden so planted and subdued one year that he began to take a pride in it; but one evening he hurried through the gate, aware that he had not latched it; but it was a small affair, and "of no consequence." The result was that the next morning he found some strange hogs in the garden, and they had rooted up everything, even the choicest flowers. If he was going a journey, ten to one he would get packed and leave out of his carpet-bag the most important thing which he would need. Many a time the poor horse went supperless, and the pig stood calling for food, just because Jem considered such things "of no consequence." But at last poor Jem received a lesson which really *did* make an impression on him. He was to go to the great city to enter a large mercantile house. But as he would be the youngest clerk, he knew he must be on his feet all day, and run and do a multitude of errands. His trunk was sent down to the station the night before, and he was to get up early and walk down and take the train. As he took off his boots, he set them where he knew he could find them, even in the dark. But in setting them up, he noticed that he put the right boot where the left ought to be. "No matter," thought he, "I shall remember it in the morning, and can change them when I put them on. It's of no consequence." So he lay and thought how he would enjoy himself in the great city, where there are omnibuses and carts, and blocks and crowds of men, and a world of business, and he would one day come back a great, rich merchant, and bring father and mother and the sisters such presents as would astonish them. By the time he got through with these waking dreams, his candle, which he ought to have extinguished, was all burned down. "No matter," said he, "I can dress myself just as well in the dark." But when

the morning came, it was cold and dark, and the ground was frozen. He overslept himself, and at the call of his father had to spring from the bed and hasten to the train, or he would be too late. Up he sprang, and dressed himself in almost no time. His boots seemed to go on hard, but on they went. He started and walked and ran over the rough frozen ground, and actually reached the platform, barely in time to get into the train. But how he had run and toiled! And now he began to feel that his boots hurt him. His feet were sore, and they ached, and all at once it flashed upon him that, in consequence of his haste and carelessness, he had got *the wrong boot on the wrong foot!* But his feet were wedged in, and in the train, without a boot-jack, he found it impossible to get them off. All day long he lived in agony, and when he reached the city his feet were blistered, corns were started, and troubles for years to come were laid up for him. He had no time to rest and heal his poor, abused feet, and for a very long time he suffered for that which he thought "of no consequence." But it was a good lesson for poor Jem. He began to see that little things which seem "of no consequence" at the time, may have great results in the future, and it made him a cautious, careful man, after long years of discipline.

Now, we all have some weakness—some spot at which we are very likely to fail. It is one thing in one man, and another thing in another. What shall we do to prevent the consequences of these frailties? I answer, do three things:—

1. Set a double watch over the easily-besetting sin every day and hour.
2. Strive very hard to recover, if you trip.
3. Ask your heavenly Father to help you, and to keep you. It belongs to children to attend to this, for many a child feels like Jem Hasty, that it is "of no consequence," when, in fact, the results may be terrible, even for years to come. Many a character is ruined, and the hopes of friends are crushed, by no greater mistake than *putting the boot on the wrong foot.*

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 76.

"Abide in me."

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| 1. A aron..... | Exod. xxviii. 1. |
| 2. B artimeus..... | Mark x. 46-52. |
| 3. I saac..... | { Gen. xxi. 5-12. |
| | { Rom ix. 7, 8. |
| 4. D amaris..... | Acts xvii. 34. |
| 5. E ether..... | Esth. ii. 17. |
| 6. I chabod..... | 1 Sam. ii. 34; iv. 21. |
| 7. N athan..... | 2 Sam. xii. 7. |
| 8. M iriam..... | Exod. xv. 20, 21. |
| 9. E utychus..... | Acts xx. 9-12. |

THE LITTLE FLOWER-GIRL.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.



HERE was a little flower-girl,
Who lived by selling posies
Whose perfumed petals sent a balm
To city people's noses.

In spring she had fresh violets,
And roses in the summer;
And, as the flowers came, she had
Each favourite new-comer.

In selfsame spot, each summer day,
The city folks could view her:
Thus people grew the child to know,
And thus one lady knew her.

Oft came the tears into her eyes,
To see the frail child trembling
Before her mother's upraised arm,
With fear beyond dissembling.

One day this lady stopped, and said,
"Your mother seems to alarm you:
Now, come and be my little maid,
Where none will dare to harm you.

"I'll teach you how to read and write,
And how to sew and cipher;
Your life will then be smooth and bright,—
But what is it you cry for?"

"Oh, ma'am," the girl said, as she strove
One choking sob to smother,
"Though mother's bad, and you're so good,
I mustn't leave my mother!"

D.

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF SCRIPTURE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

GOSSIP.

"The hawk poised himself for a sudden spring,
While the strutting sparrows kept twittering." ANON.



UBBINS was seated in the servants' hall, yawning a little over the old newspaper that he was drowsily spelling out. The entrance of the stranger startled him; but, seeing the pack, in a half slumberous voice the old butler growled out, "No, no, you're too late wi' your pack; I lets no one inner doors arter—"

"Late! 'tis no fault o' mine. Blame the rail, and not me, my good sir. My good friend—I've reason to call ye so—I'd hane stayed at the station hotel, or gone on direct to Winchester; but I thowt Mistress Martin, or may be yoursel' wad be glad to see the very best goods I've had this one whiles."

"Martin's in mourning; but you can come in. I didn't at first just chance on who you was; you've been a precious long while away from these parts. Why, you looks much the same—Old Leathery by name, and Old Leathery by natur'; and no offence—no offence!"

The ancient butler chuckled out a hearty plethoric laugh as he invited the packman in, who, sidling along, and letting his pack down, said, insinuatingly, "You don't look much the same; you look wonderfully better."

"Ay, ay! you and I, maybe, 'll last out a good fewish of the young uns, thof they're that up in the stirrups, a many on 'em, there's no keeping 'em in their places. But they h'ant done yet with the likes o' you and I."

"No, no; not they, sir," said the packman, giving his mouth a back-handed wipe, and peering all round the hall. "And so good Mistress Martin is in mourning—no near friend?"

"Wus nor that—that is, I don't know as she've any own friends: it's one o' the family—the best on 'em's gone. Leastways, between you and I and the post, and to go no further, I may say so. Muster Edmund was always outlandish, and I doubt Muster De Lacy, his son, be the same, and Muster Basil's nought of a country gentleman; but the Captain was a Haustwicke—every bone on him. He'd a been the one to a kep' up the old place, if so be as he'd been born at the right time. He oughter a been the hare. But here comes Martin. I say, yere's a pretty go, Mistress M.: a strange gentleman's a wanting of you."

The old man turned a fine purple as he laughed, and Martin, whose eyes were getting dim, did not see in the shadowy hall who it was that Gubbins was announcing, so she stared questioningly when the packman, in his dry tones, remonstrated—

"Mem, Mr. Gubbins will have his joke. I've come, Mistress Martin, a long way out o' my round, to show you a shawl for winter wear, that's not to be had in any shop in the south of England; I brought it from Paisley myself."

"Why, deary me, it's Old Leathery!" exclaimed Martin, recognising him. "I thought you'd giv' up—made your fortin', and left off tow'ring about. Goodness! to think on the miles and miles as you've gone over since I fust set eyes on you in Lish—mago."

"Lismahago?" said the man.

"Ah! that was it. I can't well get my tongue round them names o' the North, they're like oatmeal—a bit sticky in the mouth, and cloggy in the throat—that is, of them as is used to wheaten flour and shoe-leather."

"Ou, now, spare my country."

"Bless and save us! I meant no harm to your country. Spare! it's all spare, as I see. I'm as glad as a bird our dear little Missy came—that is to say, Miss Ger-

trude—or I and my lady might have been by now at that Glower O'er, with a great 'ill a-hanging over our heads, and another under our feet; and if climbing of 'ills is good to raise some people's spirits, they always puts mine down."

"Hem! if there's hills, there's plains, too, in Scotland."

"I s'pose so, I s'pose so," said Gubbins, good-naturedly, thinking Martin was over sharp. "There's never so high an 'ill but there's as low a dale."

"And so ye're not going to Scotland this season, Mistress Martin?"

"Not if I can have any say in it; no, thankye. But whatever have you been a-doin' wi' yourself? It's a year or more, for sure, since you was here-away. Be you a-gettin' idle along o' gettin' rich?"

"I'm a poor man still, or it isn't hereabouts I'd come; it's like ploughing the mountains."

"Well, that's what your country folks is used to; and as to poor, why, all the talk as ever I could make out away yonder was ov packmen as grew to be merchants and bailies, and what not. The little uns eats in that belief with their porridge—it saves sugar."

"You're too clever for me, Mistress Martin. You're like your country folk—a sweet voice and plenty o' words."

"More words nor wit by fur," chuckled Gubbins.

"I don't say so when Mistress Martin's by. But I've a bit of other business on hand as well—a bit message to the lady herself."

"A message to Miss Austwicke?" cried Martin, surprised.

"Is it to ask her consent to your coming a coortin o' Martin?" said Gubbins, thinking it was a joke.

Old Leathery drew his knuckles across his mouth, puckered his eyelids nearly close, and with a little cough, said—"Ou, it's just a trifle a message from Glower O'er, in case I came nigh here, to be sent, if the lady pleases, to Mr. Basil Austwicke; but, little or much, as I was asked to bring it and to give it myself, so I must e'en do it. I said to myself as I came, 'Maybe I can help Mistress Martin to an elegant shawl and carry the message all under one; and as it's already o'er late to see the lady, ye'll let me have speech of her, and then I can open my pack after.'"

Martin was not, as we have seen, without a due spice of curiosity. She fell very readily into the plan, assured that, if she could not get the purport of his message out of Old Leathery before she bought the shawl, that over the bargaining she would do so.

Accordingly she went, taking a card, with a pencil-mark on it, into the parlour, where the lamp had just been lighted, and Miss Austwicke was sitting with her knitting, and her niece at the piano, both cosily settled for the evening. Whether it was part of Old Leathery's shrewdness not to increase Martin's curiosity by asking for a private interview, or that he had a good guess that the lady would grant him one when she read the card, certain it was she no sooner heard Martin's words than she gave all attention.

"There's a Scotch dealer, Miss Honor—a packman—below, that says he brings a message to you from Glower O'er. He's late, through the hojous railway. He isn't

a stranger-like, for I've dealt with him for years—ever since I fetched Miss Gertrude home, that time. But maybe, Miss Honor, as he's strange to you, you'd like me to stay."

"Do, Martin, learn to give a message without so many words," said Miss Austwicke, taking the card from her servant's hand and reading—"The bearer comes from A. Burke, in 1850 of Dumbarton."

She paused a moment, turning her back towards Martin, so that the light from the lamp fell over her shoulder on the card. Then, after reading the words two or three times, as being, Martin concluded, unable to make them out clearly—which, indeed, she, even with her glasses, had failed to do—in her usual voice, only a little quieter, Miss Austwicke said—

"Light the lamp in the breakfast-room, Martin. You can go on playing, my dear Gertrude—I will not have any stranger in here. I shall be back soon."

With that sense of injury with which a check is received by a favourite servant, Martin led the way into the room indicated, lighted the lamp in silence, and compressing her lips as she looked at her mistress, as much as to say—"I'll not throw my words away on you"—the waiting-woman went into the servants' hall, and beckoned the packman, saying, with a toss of her head, "There's some people always a-putting other people out o' the way, or a-showing their tempers for nothing as I knows on, but contrariness. There, that's the door, the baize one—there's another inside."

Following her directions, the man entered, and stood before Miss Austwicke.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE INTERVIEW.

"Take your beak from out my heart,
Take your shadow from my door.
Quoth the raven, 'Never more.'"

EDGAR A. POE.

FOR about a minute the two very different persons were silent who confronted each other in the room, but dimly lighted by a single lamp. Miss Austwicke's erect head, and haughty yet anxious glance, were in great contrast to the awkward curve meant for a low bow, and the pinched-up face, whose sidelong glances, out of two gimlet-holes of eyes, seemed to the lady to belong to a withered, purblind visage, almost a blank.

"What is your business with me?" she said, mastering an instinctive feeling of disgust rather than fear.

"I have made bold to come, my lady, on the beesness ye wot of."

"My name is Miss Austwicke, and you must speak more plainly—what business?"

The man thoroughly misunderstood Miss Austwicke's pride if he thought a title propitiated her. The fiercest republican in all America did not look down on titles more contemptuously than she did.

"That concerning"—he peered round cautiously, came nearer, and, in a husky whisper, added—"concerning what Captain Austwicke telled ye."

The lady started back some paces, reached, as if involuntarily, a chair, and planting it before her, like a barrier against intrusion, rested her hands on the back.

"Captain Austwicke told me?" she repeated, instantly recalling the fact that as no one was present at the interview, the purport of what he said could not be known. "I do not understand you, sir."

"I humbly ask your pardon, madam, if I startled ye. I should have premised that I knew of the captain's intention."

"Did he write you, then? Did my brother tell you that he meant to acquaint me with his——"

"His entanglement, and the results."

Mortification for a moment kept Miss Austwicke silent. The hot blood mounted to her temples in a painful flush, and then receded, leaving her pale as ashes, and as cold.

"Well, go on—what then?" she forced herself to say.

"His death—the captain's lamented death——"

The lady waved her hand, as if deprecating any intrusion on her grief.

"Has most unfortunately thrown everything into confusion—everything. I wanted him to help me to bring to justice a man—a most unprincipled cheat of a man—who has been for years receiving seventy pounds annually for the education of—madam, I crave pardon for naming them—the twins—the lad and lass whom the captain was interested in—and only, as I recently discovered, this fellow has been only paying twenty-five; and now I fear me—I greatly fear me—I'll not be able to execute the law on him: it would invite an exposure."

"By no means. We can—I can have no law matters forced on me."

"And besides, madam, this man is in Canada."

"Canada! Are the children—is their mother in Canada?"

"Until lately, madam, I thought so. I was in a manner betrayed into the belief that the children were there."

"Canada! I had thought Scotland was the place where——"

"I myself, to keep all safe, on Captain Austwicke's account, who had a dislike—a gentlemanly dislike—to his family knowing the sort of connection he had formed——"

"Never mind all that about him, pray—that's all over. The——" She hesitated.

"The consequences, you would say, madam, very truly; ah! they fall hard, very hard. But I was telling you, I took these children, on Captain Austwicke's account, when they were but a year old, to Canada, to a man that was a relation of mine, and whom I then trusted."

"Was a relation? I do not understand you."

"He married my sister, madam; and, as she is dead, I reckon naught of him—naught. He's cheated and deceived Captain Austwicke and me; nay, he's made me the instrument of deceiving my late friend, the good captain."

Miss Austwicke beat with her foot impatiently on the ground, and wrung her hands together, chafing at the word "friend," and longing to ring the bell and order the intruder to be shown out.

"For he not only has, as it were, farmed the children

out at twenty-five pounds a-year, but he let the people that he farmed them to, bring them back eight or nine years ago, as I only lately learned, to England."

"To England? these unfortunate children and their mother?"

"Craving your pardon, madam, I said nothing of their mother."

"Indeed! I understood you to say——"

"Oh, it's not to the likes of you, madam, that I'd speak of that poor creature!"

He squeezed up his face into the look of something as dry and cleft as a fir cone, when the rasping words came from his bloodless lips; and Miss Austwicke—whose fault it was, where her prejudices were concerned, to believe the very worst—shuddered obviously, and compelled herself to say—

"Then she is not with the children?"

"Never has been, madam."

"Oh, that is well!" said the lady, with a sigh of relief.

"Oo, I saw to that from the first. I stood by the captain—my friend—and helped him out of the scrape he got into."

"It's a pity you did not help him before he got into it," the lady interposed.

"Maybe I tried, madam; but they say in Scotland, 'A wilfu' man mun ha' his way.' Though I see ye know to whom ye're granting the favour o' this interview, ye have na asked me, seeing that doubtless ye divined, I owned the name on the card."

Miss Austwicke inclined her head stiffly, and a little unpuckering his eyes, her strange visitor continued—

"I've travelled by land and sea on this business. I went to London and saw Captain Austwicke w' his lawful lady—and I went back and tauld the misguided lassie so, who had set herself up. I put her in charge of my wife, then living; and when she went into such a distraction with her pride and tempers that we'd to put her away—ah, we had awhile—and then she got well and just took herself off out o' the country, which was well rid of her, and went her ain gate down the road to ruin. Then my wife and I took the children out to Montreal, and meant to settle; but, my wife dying, what could I do but place the bairns with Johnston—the cheat that he's proved—and get back to my own affairs, which had suffered greatly? but I make no mention o' that. I had to take to a humbler line of life than I ever thought to have given myself to. But there, an honest penny is better than a cheating pound; and I mak' no doubt that a lady like you will do by me, for my losses in serving him, according to what the captain promised."

"I can fulfil no promise to you, Mr. Burke. Captain Austwicke has left no property—I think, none whatever. He had no claims on the estate, which is, as you may have heard, his nephew's, Mr. De Lacy Austwicke; so that these poor children are likely to have, as *their right*, even less than the dishonourable man you mention spared out of the sum my brother paid for their maintenance."

"Dishonourable indeed, madam! Ah! it's wretched the dishonourable things some misguided people will

stoop to. And, may I make bold to ask, your brother's widow?"

"My brother's widow! he had no wi—that is—What do you mean? Pardon me, I'm confused with your narrative. What did you say?"

"The lady I saw with him—his wife, madam—is now, of course, his widow."

"Oh, dear, I didn't comprehend! No, you are wrong. He—that is—he survived her. I mean, he left no widow."

Oh! what a coil was winding round her!

"Yes, I understand you, madam."

There was a thin flash darted, like a gleam of steel, out of the hungry, peering eyes, and for an instant lighted up the depths.

"Then my—I don't want to press it, but I've had great losses already—my claim, and the poor children's? For Captain Austwicke always said, 'My sister alone shall be told. She'll guard the family honour.'"

Miss Austwicke, turning the chair round, against which she had been standing, sunk into it, as if she feared that otherwise she should fall, and all but groaned aloud. For clear and distinct there rose the dying words to her memory, and smote her, "Beware of the pride that props itself with falsehood."

"It's an honourable name," pursued the man, relentlessly; "and I'm sure I've proved for years that I'd do anything in reason that a man who's had great losses could to save it from a stain—a public stain; and certainly, I'm bound to say the lassie *was* deceived in the first place; she was led to think herself married. I was one of the witnesses who signed my name; and it was bitter to me to find I'd been led to put 'Burke' to any such transaction, and my sister, Mrs. Johnston, and her husband."

"You have yourself called him a cheat," interposed Miss Austwicke, with a desire to inculcate some one.

"Yes: who knows but it was helping to hide this piece of business first taught him? Any way, unless all comes out, something must be done."

"I'm willing to help the—the innocent." Her white lips quivered as she spoke the last words, for now was not she guilty? Yet how could she own the truth, the horrible truth, that her brother was really married to such a woman as this man described? Surely her brother could not have known, when he told her to do justice, what had become of the mother of these children. She strained her memory for any recollection of what he had told her about this miserable wife. But he had so little time, death was so near, that she was left merely with a promise on her conscience which she wanted to temporise in keeping so as to make pride and principle combine. Truth is an unyielding metal: we cannot safely bend it to serve our purposes. We may break it, and so wound ourselves and others; and that was what Miss Austwicke was doing.

Yes, indeed; rather than all should come out—rather than her brother Basil and his caustic wife should know, in any way, of this tarnish on the family honour—she would draw on her own slender resources. Perhaps to Burke the most interesting and pertinent question Miss

Austwicke had put in all the interview she uttered now:

"Pray, of what amount are the claims you have on my late brother; and where, do you say, are these children?"

"Oh, madam, as to my whole claims, that I have vouchers for, I'll not press them entire. A hundred pounds will be a composition for my losses in that Canada voyage and residence, which, beyond all question, ruined me and killed my poor wife, and——"

"But how came my brother not to settle that at once?"

"Why, he left it till his return."

"But he had no estate to look forward to."

"Oh, he had his income. He always said he'd do justice."

Miss Austwicke winced at the words. It was in the power of this low man, with his grating voice and wizened face, to scathe her like a keen east wind. It was a relief to interrupt him by repeating the inquiry—

"And these children?"

"I'm not just sure of the address. I doubt they'll take a deal of seeking, though a friend of mine thinks he knows where Johnston sent most of his London letters to."

"A friend of yours? Of course you do not mention my—that is, Captain Austwicke's name. Unless I am sure of this, of course I can have nothing——"

"Give yourself no concern on that head. I've a deep sense of honour myself, as a Burke, madam. It's the grief of my life that I was led into this, and my family corrupted by it; and I'd die rather than let it be known, make you sure of that."

He clenched his hands, as if holding something tight from all the world, and pressed them on his chest as he spoke.

Miss Austwicke drew out her purse: there was a ten-pound note, two sovereigns, and some silver in it. She took the note from the rest, and said—

"I must think over what you have told me, and consider what must be done in this matter. I give you this on account. I'm not prepared to promise that I will, or can, make good your losses; but find the children. You say they are in England—London I think you said. Well, I will see them for myself. I am willing to help them, and to—to reward fidelity—that is to say, diligence."

Her proud heart swelled and nearly choked her utterance, as she spoke thus confidentially, and gave the retaining fee to this ally of her brother's—and now of hers.

As with cringing bows he went out, she was ready to dash her head against the carved oak of the high old chimney-piece, she so resented the humiliation. Ah, if she had but thought of her duty to God as highly as of her station in society, she would have cleared her eyes unclouded of the film of pride, and seen clearly the meanness of all crooked ways, and the danger of the edge tools, low and base, with which she was unwittingly playing—tools she was sharpening for her own destruction.

(To be continued).